

MR. THALBERG'S CONCERT.

The concert of Mr. Thalberg last night overflowed with a musical, fashionable, and so forth audience. The special novelty of the evening—if the pianist be not, like Cleopatra, proof against the slanders of age and the blight of custom—is Madame D'Angri, the Italian contralto. She is Oriental-looking face wise, and otherwise solid and well developed. A few notes showed her to be a first-rate artist, endowed with a round, rich, extensive, clear organ, and a quickly emotional nature; and her method and style are very fine. She made a complete success. Madame D'Angri must shine on the stage, for she has evidently resources of musical fire which cannot blaze in the concert-room. A piece from an opera by Mr. Macfarren, the English composer, which she rendered, was pronounced possibly in our vernacular tongue, the music of which was judiciously composed of ornamental and declamatory bits—wanting, however, in a clearly defined melody. It was nobly and largely sung. Indeed, the term large will best define Madame D'Angri's mode of singing. She gives a daring sweep in a manner that lets us into the secret that neither Italian, method, style nor specialties are the least inspired by the invasion of French soldiers into Rome, or English railroads into Turin.

There was an orchestra last night led by Mr. Bergmann. It accompanied Mr. Thalberg in Beethoven's concerto. An orchestra at a pianist's concert is particularly and generally out of place; particularly as in all concert music—the product of an age when the piano *per se* was not developed—the orchestra overpowers the piano, or vice versa, and neither is at home. Then, again, the short touch-and-go notes of the piano stand in chance in comparison with the long-drawn vocal notes, the swell and diminutions of orchestral instruments; and, still more, the body of orchestral sound takes away from the comparative force of the piano, heard even separately, side by side, and the solo instrument thus goes to the wall. Mr. Thalberg is quite of our opinion as regards the recess of an orchestra to put up with the cracks of pianism, when the new lights have overthrown its interest, and made its use, according to its kind, perfect. There is no logic in an accompanied concerto now.

Mr. Thalberg's next concert will take place on Saturday evening.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—At Burton's Theatre was played last evening a comic fairy extravaganza, altered from the ballet "Le Diable à Quatre," by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and rechristened "The Blue Belle." The main idea is familiar to all who have perused the Arabian Nights, and consists in the division of two persons in different social positions each to the sphere of the other. There are a peasant-girl and a countess, who by fairy agency, change their positions in life. The peasant-girl is removed to a grand castle, with all the appropriate surroundings, and the Countess becomes a peasant, and is introduced to the unknown mystery of a cottage, and to crown her bliss, is superadded the additional felicity of a drunken husband. Their conduct in their changed circumstances gives rise to many laughable incidents. Miss Agnes Robertson, who plays Blue Belle, the peasant girl, does it in a most arch and charming manner, and Miss Polly Marshall, who personates the terminant Countess, is most fiery and "tartarish." Mr. Burton, as Bob Barleycorn, a jolly buck-taker, has some very comic scenes, and has an opportunity to display a new phase of imbibition, in which specialty he is very happy. The various other characters of the drama are efficiently varied, and the play was successful. Many songs and dances are interspersed, and the whole affair is a very pleasant hour's amusement. It is well put upon the stage, the scenes and costumes being all good.

NIRLO's.—On Wednesday evening the ballet pantomime of "Emeralda" was produced with excellent success, and is likely to have a run. It is an adaptation by Jerome Ravel of Victor Hugo's novel of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and is full of fine dramatic effects. This piece is well put upon the stage. The scenery is mostly new, and is painted in admirable taste, and especially was the view of the church of Notre Dame admired. The pantomime introduced to the audience Mr. Leon Espinosa, who is probably the best comic dancer who has yet visited this country, beside which talent he possesses superior ability in comic pantomime. The present, however, is not Mr. Espinosa's first appearance before a New-York audience, he having performed here several years ago, since when he has been in California and Mexico. He is small in form, but very muscular, and has an irresistible humor in every feature and movement; added to this he possesses a suppleness and activity seldom achieved. The two principal roles were sustained by Mr. Espinosa and Madame Montclair, the latter of whom is well known to New-York audiences as an artist of superior talent. The numerous dances in the course of the piece, most of which were executed by them, were very justly applauded. In the concluding piece, the comic pantomime of "M. du Toupet," Mr. Espinosa has full opportunity to display his powers in comedy, and throughout the piece the audience had no opportunity to rest in their laughter.

THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION QUESTION.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune: Sir: The warning contained in this morning's TRIBUNE against the "Pollack matches," is couched in such terms as to make the public believe that the match companies are "not fire-proof," and subject to spontaneous combustion.

Now, dear sir, the Pollack matches, of all the innumerable scribbles of matches, claim the preference for readiness and safety, and by these advantages have become all over the world a real household necessity, not easily to be superseded. Imparted by millions and sent in like quantities to every part of the civilized world, they held everywhere the high reputation to which they are entitled. Any kind of matches which are put too near the fire or heat, but the Pollack matches are so well covered that ignition will be but slow in comparison.

In publishing these lines you will oblige, Your obedient servant, POLLACK BROS., Sole Agents for N. Y. Pollack's Matches, No. 31 Gold Street, New York.

We print Messrs. Pollack's letter in full, giving them the entire benefit of all it is worth, under the advertisement of the fact that they are sole agents of the manufacturers, located at No. 31 Cedar street, and that they import an article "by millions," that is "a household necessity," which the idle boys and girls in our streets could just as well manufacture as the boys and girls that are, by our folly, kept from idleness while making matches in Vienna. The letter shows the abominable folly of free trade, besides not proving that this imported article is any better than the domestic manufactured one. And if, as Mr. P. says, "Any kind of matches will ignite if put too near the fire," as we have proved that his will, and some of domestic manufacture on the same spot will not, it will show the very great folly of the people of this city if they are not careful what matches they buy, and much more careful than most of them are, about leaving them in situations where they are liable at any moment to spontaneous combustion.

Beside The Herald of Freedom, at Lawrence, another Free-State Journal, The Kansas Tribune, has recently been started at Topeka.

ESCAPE OF A WOMAN FROM THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON.—The Manchester American says that Margaret Terrence, the Irish girl, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for a crime committed in 1854, escaped from the prison on Tuesday. She was in the basement of the center part, and ran out of the door into the yard, and then into the street. It was not more than two minutes before her escape was found out by the watchmen scattered in all directions, but she was not to be found.

The Rev. John B. Conroy, who was a passenger on board the Lyons, is well known in New-York. He was the French missionary employed by our Missionary Society for a time in this city, and subsequently in the Society, where he succeeded the Rev. Thomas Cader. He was going to visit his relatives in France.

THE ARREST OF DA COSTA.

From a Travelling Correspondent.
ON THE CASE, *passim*, IN MASSACHUSETTS,
Nov. 25.

Happening to be in Salem to-day, I happened on the following facts connected with Da Costa's arrest—If, indeed, it be he, as you doubtless know by this time more fully than I have seen. I had them from excellent authority, and they are so curious as to be well worthy your perusal.

A workman on the farm of Mr. William Batchelder, on the South Salem shore, went down to the barn on Saturday morning, where he was to spend the day in "topping onions." Before commencing work a boy who was with him went up to the scaffold, where there was an unoccupied chamber. As he came in sight, a man sprang out of the room, brandishing a club with much violence as to scare the boy out of the barn and into the house.

The stranger asked the workman what he was doing, and appeared to be pacified by his answer, saying that he thought it was somebody else. The poor man was wet through, and had a generally streaked look. His object in going into the barn, he said, was to find a match in order to light a fire to warm himself with. He then related the above facts, and a shipper in a small boat which was lying not far distant. No trace of it has been found.

Told by the stranger a narrative and hapless condition, the forest farmer took him to the house, changed his clothes, and took care of him. Presently he called on the workman to go in to see him, and they all three conversed in Spanish.

Meanwhile this strange incident was noised abroad among the good people of Salem; and, traveling from mouth to mouth, fed and magnified by each gossiping soul through which it passed, reached the Mayor at length. In such a shape he did not deem it expedient to call on Mr. Batchelder. By them the three suspects were escorted in a wagon of their own to the Mayor's office.

On examination a wild, wild legend they did deliver—the tale of which was properly told in the city by the Mayor, and was afterwards repeated in the East India trade, and latterly became a household story through the genius of Hawthorne; one of the few cities in these States whose glory is, and is almost wholly, of the past. Our shipwrecked friend, according to his comrades, whose well-known Spanish interludes in Boston, and who were in the city, came to their stores on Friday and told them, also, that he was a *castaway*, and wanted their aid in getting possession of a treasure which was sunk in Salem Harbor or inspired with a hope—never since Columbus sailed westward, and which he said he had found in the East India trade, and latterly became a household story through the genius of Hawthorne; one of the few cities in these States whose glory is, and is almost wholly, of the past. 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